Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?
Doe you perceiue the ieastures of her eye?
Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you see Gentlemen? nay guiltinesse
Will speake, though tongues were out of vse. *Enter* Emi.
Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?
Iag. *Cassio* has here bin set on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't,
Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.
Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.
Iag. This is the fruite of whoring; prithee *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Cassio* where he supt to night:
What, doe you shake at that?
Bia. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.
Em. Fie vpon thee strumpet.
Bia. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you, that thus abuse me.
Em. As I; now fie vpon thee.
Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* dresst;
Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.
Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:
Will you goe on? I pray: This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *with a light, and* Desdemona *in her bed.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres:
It is the cause, yet I le not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers then snow,
And smooth as monumentall alablaster;
Yet she must dye, else shee'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,

Thou cunningst patterne of excelling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heate,
That can thy light relumine: when I haue pluckt the rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It must needs wither; I le smell it on the tree; *kisses her.*
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
Iustice her selfe to breake her sword: one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after: one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne're so fatall: I must weepe,
But they are cruell teares: this sorrow's heauenly,
It strikes where it does loue: she wakes.
Des. Who's there? *Othello?*
Oth. I, *Desdemona.*
Des. Will you come to bed my Lord?
Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona?*
Des. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Solicite for it straite.
Des. Alas my Lord, what doe you meane by that?
Oth. Well, doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.
Des. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I doe.
Des. Then heauen haue mercy on me,
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Des. And yet I feare you, for y'are fatall then,
When your eyes roule so: why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.
Des. They are loues I beare to you.
Oth. And for that thou diest.
Des. That deathe's vnnaturall, that kills for louing;
Alas, why knaw you so your neather lip: